THE

FATE OF FRANKLIN.

BY

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE,

OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXON. M.A. AND OF THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE.

Κλαῖον δ' ἐν ψαμάθοισι καθήμενος. Οὐδέ σε φημὶ
Δὴν ἄκλαυτον ἔσεσθαι, ἐπὴν εὖ πάντα πύθηαι.
Od. iv. 540 & 494.

IN AID OF THE

SPILSBY FUND FOR ERECTING A STATUE OF FRANKLIN

IN HIS NATIVE TOWN.

LONDON:
ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, PICCADILLY.
1860.

Price Half a Crown.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/fateoffranklin00blac

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN.

THE

FATE OF FRANKLIN.

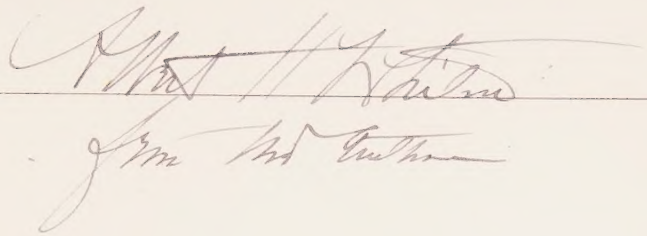
BY

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE,

OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXON. M.A. AND OF THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE.

Κλαῖον δ' ἐν ψαμάθοισι καθήμενος. Οὐδέ σε φημὶ
Δὴν ἄκλαυτον ἔσεσθαι, ἐπὴν εὖ πάντα πύθηαι.
Od. iv. 540 & 494.

LONDON:
ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, PICCADILLY.
1860.



DEDICATION.

To all, who in the summer day
  Have waited with impassion'd gaze
  The lifting of the ocean haze,
And hoped or wept for those away.

To all, who in the winter eve
  Have listen'd for the well-known feet,
  But only heard the tempest beat,
And found new element to grieve.

To all, who in the darker night,
  When hope had set beneath the chill
  And slow reality of ill,
Address'd their bitter grief aright.

Accounting this no common loss,
  Nor asking what they mourn'd, but whom,
  And finding shelter more than gloom
Beneath the shadow of their cross.

To all of these, or rather *you*,
  (For, face to face, I fain would use
  The freedom heavy hearts excuse)
I offer tribute poor but true.

PREFACE.

The Men of Spilsby have been blamed because they do not (like the good folk of Bolton) raise a statue to their hero from their own resources. There are many reasons for the difference; one only need be stated—Bolton is a large and wealthy town, Spilsby quite a small one.

If the candid Purchaser find nothing to please him in this little Work, let him fall back upon a purer source of pleasure, the thought that he has contributed to the honour of the brave.

PART I.

CONTENTS.

I.—III. THE RECORD-CAIRN, THE CHARACTER OF HIM WHOSE DEATH IT ANNOUNCES.—IV., V. THE STARTING OF THE FATAL EXPEDITION.—VI. THE EARLY LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF FRANKLIN.—VII. THE COAST OF GREENLAND AND ITS HOSPITABLE RETREATS.—VIII., IX. "TAKING THE ICE" IN MELVILLE BAY.—X. SLOW PROGRESS THROUGH THE PACK.—XI., XII. THE LAST MEETING WITH THE EREBUS AND TERROR.—XIII. DESOLATE SCENERY.

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN.

PART I.

I.

Lone relic of the wind and snow,
  The landmark where a sailor died,
  Not death-crown'd at the cannon's side,
Nor crush'd by ocean's blow;
  But worn and over-tried:
The last of those on whom devolved
  The tasks that test a nation's breath;
In whom three centuries, resolved
  To turn the flank of death,
Were number'd and absolved.
  Through cold that smote the sun away,
  And froze the gates of night and day;
  Through famine's mute self-sacrifice,
  And tempests of Symplegad ice;
  Through straits with fitful winds convulsed;
  By earth, and sea, and heaven repulsed,
He wrested from primeval strife,
  From berg and mountain o'er it hurl'd,
  The chain that belts the polar world,
And forged the last link with his life.[1]

II

Memorial, unapproach'd by man,
Except the wandering Esquimaux,
Recording more than marble can,
More eloquent of human woe
Than sculptured figures wan:
Rude pile of unengraven stone,
Where Famine rests his twilight form,
And Winter flings around his throne
The freezing arrogance of storm:
Thou seal impress'd for every age
On desolation's heritage,
In thee we ponder, and are still,
The mystery of our Father's will;
The clouds of darkness o'er us roll'd,
The spirit that burns to pierce their fold,
The energy and calm self-trust,
The grandeur of unswerving mind,
The noble heart o'er-disciplined
Upon its march to dust.

III.

And if, in all the embrace of time,
  A spirit resolute and true,
Devoted, humble, and sublime,
  But strong to think and do—
If such a spirit e'er was known
  To cramp its wings to mortal clay,
And make the world of fact its own;
  Columbus of the northern way,
    It lived and ruled in you.
  A cheery wit to stand behind
  The open port-holes of the mind,
  A voice in perils calm and high,
  A captain's reassuring eye,
  To con the near suspense of fate,
  As though it did but contemplate,
  But quick as light to seize and shape
  The flashing moment of escape;
A sailor's heart most simply steer'd—
  Whom many lands unite to mourn,
  But only Britain could have borne,
And Britain's navy rear'd.

IV.

" For Baffin's Bay, and Behring Straits,
" All hands make sail!" our Franklin cries,
" The rigour of this English May
Hath primed us for the northern gates."
To cheer and laugh the Kentish bay
Return'd its last replies.
From boat and shore the long farewell,
Like sunset, lingering o'er the swell,
And heaving, as the capstan hove,
The breast of firmly anchor'd love.
In vain we tried responsive cheers;
The last fond glance, so loath to part,
Was flooded by the o'erflowing heart,
And multiplied by tears.
Oh, silent, tender, wistful look,
When sadness came and joy forsook,
But faint hope still inhabiteth—
How long shall thy remembrance glow,
Through famine, darkness, storm, and snow,
And in the hour of death.

V.

A month across the Atlantic wave,
Well stored for every Arctic need,
With bow convex, and stern concave,[2]
And more of energy than speed,
The gallant vessels drave.
Strong-fenced within was either ship
With welded truss, and girder yoke,
And triple heart of British oak,
To meet the wild ice-nip.
And firmly knit was either crew
Of stalwart Britons, tough and true,
With season'd grimness set to dare
The cold gripe of the Northern Bear,
To tread their watch on peril's walk,
And talk'd of, more than apt to talk.
Brave volunteers, at England's call
They sign'd the proud roll of their names,
With Crozier foremost, and Fitz-James,
And Franklin chief of all.

VI.

For he hath compass'd in his ken
The ways of many lands and men;
The Norseman's forts and strong defence,
The daring grasp that dragg'd him thence;
The long Australian billow's roll,
And shipwreck on the coral shoal;
The British trader's stout array,
The Frenchman's flight before his prey;
The death of England's noblest son,
  Whose chase of glory's star,
In Arctic enterprise begun,
  Was closed at Trafal'gar.
At length, when peace and science met
To claim their long arrears of debt,
Brave Franklin, at their head, became
The Nelson of a bloodless fame;
Who cleft the roads of rock and ice,
And polar ocean measured thrice,
Who channel'd Hudson's lakes and land,
And made a couch[3] of Famine's hand:
Who grasp'd the spectre of the north,
  And clad him with colossal form,
And fixed his lineaments henceforth,
  And everlasting crown of storm.

VII.

Now skirting many a fjord and nook,
Good Hernhut, and Godhaven mild,
Lone headlands loved by Torngarouk,
And wailed on by the long-hair'd child;[4]
Within the arms of Greenland's coast,[5]
The ships are nestling, while they glide,
As travellers, with a cordial host,
Forget the chilly world outside.
Around them slope the summer rays,
That ring the sky with golden haze,
A night that scarcely lifts her head
To hush the sun's majestic tread,
A noon without a blaze.
Soft glory of fantastic ice,
On crimson moss and precipice;
Intent upon their mirror,[6] dight
With playing colours infinite,
Look down the purple skies.
Such glory is beheld and felt,
(Where man and all his triumphs are
The twinkle of a minor star)
On Saturn's inner belt.

VIII.

But soon the Northern offing gleams
With blink of ice and water-streaks;
And all the tossing ocean seems
An Etna vomiting her peaks.
Upon them leaps a world of spray,
Behind it bursts, through storm reveal'd,
The broad mass of the "middle field,"
The pack of Melville Bay.
Upon whose mountain verge,
Falls, with the long resistless sweep
Of thrice a thousand leagues of deep,
The volume of Atlantic surge.
Whose gather'd rage and roar
Would make loud thunder but a sigh,
A hundred fleets' artillery
A whisper and no more.
Within the barrier far and wide,
The breast-ice churns the wallowing tide,
Where giant columns joust amain,
Or headlong scour the watery lane,
Leap, flash, and topple o'er.
So leap'd to heaven the citadel,
And crumbled back, of Babylon:
And so Philistian pillars fell,
Beneath Manoah's son.

IX.

"Stand by, my lads!" the captains shout:
The iceman, from his slippery perch,
Spies every break and cranny out;
The ships, with flap of sail and lurch,
Come heavily about.
Now onward to the desperate charge,
Wild and dark as the Roman's leap:
To rush upon that awful marge,
And breast the crashing steep!
"Up with the helm!" In peril's front,
His voice rings clear, as in his prime;
And towers, amid the tempest brunt,
His hoary head sublime.
Upon the crest of a ninth[7] wave,
Mounting like two eagles brave,
Into the whirling chasm they dash—
Caught aback with a hideous crash,
Broach and roll on their beam-ends low:
Each ship, like straw in a gale astray,
Hath forgotten her helm and way,
Staggering through the brash and spray,
Like a drunken man in snow;
And the ship's bell tolleth slow.
Behind them towers a monster wave,
Pregnant with an iceberg waif,
On it sweeps them—who shall save?—
Into a nook, where all are safe.

X.

Many a day, through field and floe,
Through bowering alleys tempest-proof,
A web of ice with briny woof,
They track their course, and tow:
Ofttimes the ring of shodden stake,
Sledge-hammers, or the ponderous share,
And shrewd sententious saw, would break
The crisp illumined air.
Oft the seaman slacks his task,
To behold the midnight sun
On the Northern glacier bask,
In the long light he hath spun:
Whence his rosy pageant, borne
By the clouds' new-gilded feet,
Gives the crystal world good morn,
With caprice and quaint conceit:
Which (finessed, a thousand ways,
By the sleight of sea and haze)
Grot and arch with pendants set,
Spire and dome and minaret,
And the bergs, a solemn street,
Rising to rebuke, repeat.
Scarce the seaman stops to mark,
Ere his swifter fancies roam
To the dear ones in the dark,
Sleeping in his English home.

XI.

Oh England, loved by all thy sons,
For ever in their distant eyes,
The head of all their hope outruns,
The heart of all they prize:
And more than all—to Englishmen,
When gold, or beauty, or renown,
The conquest of the sword or pen,
The scientific crown—
When each of these is lost or won
(It matters little either way),
And life hath spent its energy
In earning wherewithal to die;
Then, most of all, to thy true son,
The home of childhood's day.
Oh England, never truer sons
To thee, or braver better men,
Hast thou conceived, or shalt again,
Than these, who, while thy converse runs
On Indian war[8] and captured guns,
And while we sing at fireside
Of perils we have never tried—
For ever pass beyond thy ken.

XII.

Last seen below that precipice,
And platform of stupendous ice,
Whose face no man hath ever trod,
Nor scribbled on the chart of God:
A glacier,[9] whence all others known
Might fall, without the difference shown;
Which, not enlarging one crevasse,
Could swallow up the "Sea of glass."
Below this mother of the north,
(Whose womb, to jeer the summer day,
Was casting giant icebergs forth)
The Erebus and Terror lay:
One gallant ship approach'd them nigh,
And hail'd them—"Where away?"
'Twas Franklin's self who made reply,
"The pack runs fast; we only wait
The opening of Lancáster Sound,
To force our way to Behring Strait;
For thither are we bound!"
The whaler Captain marvel'd sore,
To find that white-hair'd man so young;
Then crowded sail for England's shore:
But they went bravely on, among
That lonely world of ice and haze,—
Went bravely on, and met the gaze
Of fellow-men no more.

XIII.

Oh majesty of mountain heights,
  Illimitable depth of sea,
Oh dreamy verge where earth unites
  With tranquil heaven's infinity;
Ye scenes wherein our soul delights
  Ennobling, eloquent, and free:
How glorious, when the summer noon
  Hath peopled you with sun and cloud;
How solemn, when the setting moon
  Betwixt you draws her silver shroud:
Though mantled in immortal state,
  Ere life was dreamed or man designed,
Contemptuously desolate,
  Or grandly undefined—
What are ye all to compensate
  The absence of mankind?
Awhile our wondering eyes delight
  To leap from point to plain;
But soon we know not if the sight
  More pleasure hath or pain,
The beauty is so infinite,
  And our pursuit so vain.
Till hearts, that find no rest above,
  All travel-weary fold their wings
  Toward the nest of little things,
The shelter of their love.

PART II.

CONTENTS.

I. BEECHEY ISLAND AND THE REFUGE THERE.—II. THE SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF WINTER: CLOSING OF THE PASSAGE.—III. THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.—IV. THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.—V. CHRISTMAS DOINGS AND FRANKLIN'S TALES.—VI. SPRING: THEY ENTER FRANKLIN CHANNEL.—VII. PEEL SOUND, BELLOT STRAIT. THE GIANT PACK, THEY ENTER IT ONCE FOR ALL.—VIII., IX. DEATH OF FRANKLIN.—X., XI. ENGLAND'S EFFORTS AND LADY FRANKLIN.—XII. M'CLINTOCK, DISCOVERY OF THE END.—XIII. PRAISES OF OUR HEROES.

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN.

PART II.

I.

There is a little isle, withdrawn
  Aside the flux of Barrow Strait,
The first to catch the summer dawn,
  The last to feel the winter's weight:
It lies amid the sterile shores,
  Whose only beauty is their name;[10]
But while on them the tempest roars,
  That little island smiles the same.
And there, around a tessel'd court
  (In semblance of the church at Fyfe),
Hath many a tar his annals short,
  The expedition of whose life
Hath found an icy port.
  Hereon (while yet the sun embraced
  The Southern half of heaven's waist),
  Already having made their own
  A hundred leagues of coast unknown,
  Where Wellington's bright waves expand,
  And boldly curves Cornwallis Land—
Hereon the gallant voyagers light;
  And anchoring, cheer'd by good success,
  To leeward of the southern ness,
Prepare for polar night.

II.

For now each day, with lower arc,
The sun broods o'er the verge of dark;
Each night there flits across the wold
The shuddering of intenser cold;
The Northern Lights are set on high,
And flicker up the flushing sky,
(As if the vein'd horizon stood
And clapp'd its arms to stir the blood).
The pools that took the summer tinge,
And gave the floes a silver fringe,
Are hard and blue as lamin'd steel,
And glint the unrevolving wheel.
The willow grouse, and ptarmigan,
Have dash'd with white their feathers wan;
And hastening to the south appear
The wedge of ducks, and troop of deer.
And soon the narrow water-line,
That parts the field-ice from the shore,
Is film'd, and laced, and crusted o'er,
With spicules of florescent brine;[11]
Which, as a weaving spider, search
Each jut and spur to fix their thread,
Then like the back-fin of a perch,
Project and rib their watery bed.
Not there—as when Alcides sprang—
Or as in this mild latitude,
Three sunless days must make it good;
But once for all, next morn, it rang,
And bore the human tread.

III.

Then sudden from his throne of cloud,
That travels with the magnet pole,[12]
His gaunt expanse old Winter bow'd;
On those his clearer mind had cow'd,
He shed his turbid soul.
The northern tempests whistled through
His livid ribs, all stark and blue;
His eyes were stiff with famine's glare,
And human skeletons his hair.
The snow, where'er he shook his vest,
Was half-way up the mountain's breast;
In solid whirls it flung aside
The difference of the land and tide,
And swept the moon and stars from sight,
As billows sweep the Bell-rock Light.
The housings of the ships were lost,
The furnace-bars encased with frost:
The silver, in its ball of glass,
As hard as Queen Victoria's coin,
The cordials all a solid mass,
And knives divide the jellied wine[13]—
And yet the heart of man could beat.
The watchman up the hatchway peeps;
Then blinded by a swirl of sleet,
Back to the galley-fire he creeps.
"What cheer?" his huddling messmates cry:
His muffled voice comes thick and low—
"No sign is left of earth or sky,
The ships, the sea, the world is snow.
Make room, my lads, and closer stow;
Let one more rabbit hide below."

IV.

Slowly at last the dun clouds lift;
  Arcturus and Lycaon clear;
And southward, through the scud and drift,
  Three pallid moons appear: [14]
A triumph-arch of violet,
  Bestrides the outer twain;
The arch itself a coronet
  Of rosy sheaves[15] hath ta'en.
The challenge of this southern boast
  Not long unanswer'd flies—
A rustling as of spectre host,[16]
  The Northern Lights arise!
They lift their shields of amber first,
  And couch divergent rays;
But soon the ranks of colour burst,
  And heaven is all ablaze.
Their pennons are of opal mist,
  Festoon'd with ruby fold,
Their hurtling shafts of amethyst,
  From bows of virgin gold.
A robe of pure Sidonian glow,
  Upon the mountains' necks
They fling, and flash o'er ice and snow,
  And crystal-paven decks.
Not swifter is our spirit's flight,
  Above the waves we stem:
And scarce it throws more fleeting light
  Upon itself, or them.

V.

What need to tell the winter game,
The climbing of the frozen gear,
To give the sun a parting cheer?
For British tars must be the same,
Whatever course they steer.
Some new diversion still they found,
To break the ice of duty's round;
And oft the hearty laugh would scare
The visit of the fox and bear:
Although, as wondrous voyagers tell,
The joke was frozen ere it fell.
But foremost still, for work or jest,
The weatherworn commander press'd;
For he hath lived with nature more,
And lain too long on hardship's floor,
To practise or approve again
The airs that sever man from men.
Himself hath shown, and still can teach
(Though small be our mercurial part),
No frost that ever froze, can reach
The zero of an English heart.
And now he tells of frozen fish,[17]
Which turn'd themselves when set to grill;
A pair of shoes a dainty dish,
And Indians' hair a choicer still;
Of him who swam the icy flood,
And Hepburn best of all the good.
The men received whate'er he told,
With tears, or deferential grins:
"A tough one is our captain bold,
And tougher yet the yarns he spins."

VI.

Ah me, that I am fain,
As any child can be,
Thou Milo of the cloven main,
To leave untold the dree;
To catch once more thy cheery vein,
And wander back with thee.
But am I not of England's mind,
Who loved thee with a faith so deep,
So long pursued thee unresign'd,
And still deferr'd to weep?
Oh, for a single spark of thee,
One condensation of thy breath,
To follow down that drifted sea,
And track the voyage of death!
With thee to climb the mountain peak,[18]
Scintillant on the sunset sky,
As if a lash on April's cheek
Were negligent to dry.
To see the veins of water glow,
A crystal Archipelago;
And mark the southern channel ope
A vista of pellucid hope:
Then glorying (as becomes the brave)
To plough a yet unfurrow'd wave,
But thrusting all but duty by,
To launch upon a strait unknown,
Whose name shall ever be thine own,
Though ne'er pronounced without a sigh.

VII.

That season, past the black defiles
  Abutting on the Statesman's Sound,
An avenue of hummock piles
  Beneath the granite cliffs aground,
And past the strait that bears a name[19]
Now hallow'd by the tears of fame,
Their solitary course they sped;
Until they doubled Swinburne Head,
The southern cape of Prince's Land;
  And here upon them burst a view
  E'en to the Arctic voyager new,
Beyond imagination grand.
Stupendous on the sullen surge,
That quails beneath no tempest scourge,
Three oceans' walls of ice converge:
Compared herewith, no other pack
Is more than scratch on Mammoth's back:
Toward King William's Land they strain,
And crush the solid crags in twain;
They scarp the coast in cavern shelves,
  And tower above the mountain-head,
  The pale earth trembles where they tread,
And nought withstands them but themselves.
Ye dauntless men, who enter here,
  In calm freehold of mind and will,
I marvel if your final cheer
  At thought of us in England still
Were flutter'd by a tear.

VIII.

One year, within that deadly grip
(Like nuts between a Titan's teeth,
Display'd awhile below his lip,
Then slowly crunching toward his jowl),
With bilge collapsed, and riven sheath,
And groaning to the iceberg's growl,
Hath lain each shuddering ship.
Upon his batter'd quarter-deck,
The hero of a hundred seas
Looks calmly forth the triumph wreck,
With sailors crowding round his knees.
They know, and he as well as they,
It is his latest earthly day:
But like the solsticed sun on high,
Whose pure gold is around his brow,
The brightness of his glory now
Shall never fail the eternal sky.
For through the streets of pillar'd ice,
Upheaven dome and precipice,
Through vistas of immensity,
The Tadmor of the desert sea,
The gaze of Franklin rests beyond;
His eyes are on that mountain height,[20]
The ermined judge of sailor's might,
Which, summoned by his spirit forth,
Declares that he hath won his right,
Enfeoffs him of the enclosured north,
And still presents his dying bond.

IX.

Heroic close of hero life!
The day where many ages meet—
The triumph, not of blood and strife
(Pronounced in heaven defeat):
The wings of glory hovering nigh,
A glory, not of earth or sun,
But raised above the poles and sky
In right of true humility,
And duty nobly done:
The pictured face of one enshrined
In deeper heart than friends may share,
And now in pious hope resign'd,
To be a nation's care:
And then the lingering glance bestow'd
By men, long used to leave their mark,
Who see before them gray and dark
The throng'd, but trackless, road.
Great captain, sleep, while mortals boast;
Enough is life to roam;
Explorer of infinite coast,
Thou hast discover'd home.
The baffling of the winds is o'er,
And treachery of the deep;
Atlantis hath no fairer shore
Than thou hast won in sleep.
And haply if thy spirit care
To ask the world's esteem,
Be well assured she hath her share
In this sublunar dream.
Mysterious as thy life's impress,
Its sacred honour is no less.
There's not a ship that stems the wave,
There's not a caravan or tent,
But hath its chart thy monument,
Its compass to thy grave.[21]

X.

"Awake, Oh England!" rose the cry,
"If thou hast any sons as brave;
Or any shame for those that die,
When thou hast power to save;
Awake and seek them!" Her reply
Came homeward o'er the wave.
"Long years already have I sought,
Through every northern way;
My treasures have I counted nought,
Because my sons are they.
My noble child across the deep,
As well hath sought in vain.
Why tempt me more, that those who weep
Should have to weep again?"
Then laugh'd the Spectre of the North,
To think that they who broke
His charm, should never publish forth
The manner of their stroke.
Until a feeble woman rose,
In love and courage strong—
"The task which all the world foregoes,
To me alone belong!
My husband's God will not dispose
That right succumb to wrong.
Though England and her sons despair,
Her daughter shall pursue:
And though his country cease to care,
His wife shall win his due."

XI.

How oft she wept beside the wave ;
  How oft she strove to weep,
But sorrow kept his desert cave,
  And tears their frozen deep.
When morning smooth'd the billow-slope
  And held the storm beguiled,
She touch'd the trembling chords of hope
  By accident, and smiled.
When ship and headland sank in gloom,
  And ocean mist grew dense,
She bow'd at sombre fancy's loom,
  And wove the web suspense.
And in the dark night all alone,
  The weary soul, o'erweigh'd
By pressure of the world, was prone
  To dream of angel's aid,
Of resting well beside her own,
  With none to make afraid.
A land where none shall interfere
  To counsel or annoy,
And if there be a rising tear,
  It is the dew of joy ;
A joy that pays a hundred fold
  The ills that here betide,
  With all our hope hath prophesied,
And all the love of old.

XII.

The years have long been fading out,
And changed the young and fair
From rosy hope to hectic doubt,
From doubt to wan despair.
Now weep upon the sands once more,
Ye orphans of the sea;
The tears that fall when grief is o'er
Are consolation's fee.
One little ship, one scanty crew,
Despatch'd in woman's name,
Hath done what England fail'd to do,
And saved the nation's fame.
On Victory Point M^c^Clintock stands,
Beside the record-pile:
Though he hath done what truth demands,
And earn'd the fame of many lands,
More tear hath he than smile.
Around him countless relics lie
Of men prepared like men to die,
By sickness, toil, and famine bent,
With strength, but not with courage, spent;
Still dragging on the o'erpowering load,
Still pleased to call it "homeward road;"
Yet turning oft with quivering lip,
Though feigning jest when jest was o'er,
Through rock and ice to see once more
A sailor's dearest pride, his ship.
Oh sterile crags, and iron shores,
Let none who hath his own repast,
Unless his heart be hard as yours,
Attempt to tell the last!

XIII.

Ye noblest of our native born,
With daring and endurance crown'd,
A light is in the eyes that mourn—
Your glory hath been found:
Is found, and shall be never lost,
While mortal names abide;
Until the last of men have cross'd,
To seat them at your side.
And though it little reck the dead,
What those behind may think,
Or stand them but in feeble stead
Before the angel's ink—
Yet this at least shall not be nought,
That ye have left behind
The memory of the good ye wrought,
The evil ye resign'd,
Ensamples high of deed and thought,
To elevate mankind.
And if the storm of battle break,
Whose cloud is now in sight,
And England be compell'd to take
The championship of right—
The nations, then, that look to her
Their chief, shall not forget,
What Franklin's life and death aver,
That she hath Nelsons yet;
That she hath men of spirit pure,
To stablish art and science free,
To lead her march by land and sea,
To dare and to endure.

NOTES.

PART I.

PAGE 11, NOTE 1.—Sir John Richardson's expression.

PAGE 15, NOTE 2.—To rise in the nip. The *Fox* and other vessels have proved it to be an error.

PAGE 16, NOTE 3.—"Being now three days without food, we lay in bed."—*Franklin's Account of his first Land Expedition.*

PAGE 17, NOTE 4.—Torngarouk and Marmel: Greenland deities. See history of the Moravian Missions by Carne.

PAGE 17, NOTE 5.—"In manibus terræ."

PAGE 17, NOTE 6.— Χρυσέων ἐνόπτρων
Λεύσσουσ' ἀτέρμονας εἰς αὐγάς.

PAGE 19, NOTE 7.—Sailors believe (not without reason) that every ninth wave is the largest.

PAGE 21, NOTE 8.—The Sikh war.

PAGE 22, NOTE 9.—See M'Clintock's description of this great glacier.

PART II.

PAGE 27, NOTE 10.—North Devon and North Somerset.

PAGE 28, NOTE 11.—See M'Clintock's description of the freezing of salt-water.

PAGE 29, NOTE 12.—It is now admitted that (as Brewster long ago suspected) the extremity of climate shifts with the shifting of the magnetic poles. See also Sir John Barrow's articles in the "Quarterly."

PAGE 29, NOTE 13.—"Cæduntque securibus humida vina."

PAGE 30, NOTE 14.—See Sir E. Parry's account of the Paraselene.

PAGE 30, NOTE 15.—"Spiceæ coronæ."—*Pliny*, ii. 28.

PAGE 30, NOTE 16.—This sound has been called in question; but the evidence is overpowering.

PAGE 31, NOTE 17.—See Franklin's Narrative. Many of these details, received at the time with incredulity, have since been established by experiment.

PAGE 32, NOTE 18.—Cape Walker.

PAGE 33, NOTE 19.—Bellot Strait.

PAGE 34, NOTE 20.—Cape Felix.

PAGE 35, NOTE 21.—The Magnetic Pole.

ROBERT HARDWICKE, PRINTER, 192, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Works by the Same Author.

Poems by Melanter.

Demy 8vo. cloth, Price 4*s.*

London: Robert Hardwicke, 192, *Piccadilly.*

Epullia.

Demy 8vo., Price 4*s.*

London: J. F. Hope, Great Marlborough Street.

The Bugle of the Black Sea.

Fcp. 8vo. boards, Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

London: Robert Hardwicke, 192, *Piccadilly.*